

The Alaskan Churchman

XLVIII

MAY, 1953

NO.



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O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;
PRAISE+HIM+AND+
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER



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THE ALASKAN CHURCHMAN
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MAY, 1953

SPEED THEM ON THEIR WAY

This summer three young Deacons will be heading north with their wives to begin their work as missionaries of the Church in Alaska. It so happens that these new appointees will be filling the three most isolated and rigorous posts manned by the church in this Territory.

The Rev. Rowland Cox will go with his wife, Mary, to serve at St. Thomas' Mission, Point Hope, our only mission to the Eskimos, and located on the Arctic Coast, 167 miles inside the Arctic Circle. The only other white people living at Pt. Hope are a government school teacher and his wife. The Pt. Hope Mission ministers to almost six hundred Eskimos along the Arctic Coast four hundred miles north and south.

The Rev. Richard Miller will be married soon to Miss Anita Eells. Late in June they will board ship in Se-

attle bound for Seward and thence will journey along the Alaska Railroad to Fairbanks. From Fairbanks they will wing their way northward in the "Blue Box" about two hundred miles to the Koyukuk River and Allakaket, just north of the Circle.

At Allakaket Mr. and Mrs. Miller will relieve Miss Amelia Hill and Miss Bessie Kay at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness on the Koyukuk, and Mr. Miller will assume the responsibility for the villages of Huslia, Hughes, Allakaket and Bettles. Mrs. Miller, a registered nurse, will use her skill in helping with the medical needs of the isolated Koyukuk and about four hundred people along its banks.

About this same time the Rev. Glen Wilcox, with his wife, Joan, and baby daughter, Gail, will bid good-bye to the lakes of Minnesota and head for the lakes and sloughs of the Innoko and lower Yukon as he assumes his responsibilities as minister-in-charge of Christ Church Mission at Anvik, our oldest Alaskan mission station. This work embraces also the Indian villages of Shageluk and Holikachuk on the Innoko River.

Joan Wilcox is also a nurse and she will assist her husband in ministering to the medical needs of this whole area committed to their charge.

What is it that leads these young people to go four thousand miles from home to live in an isolated native village under difficult conditions amid a strange people? There is certainly no financial inducement. Each man could easily command a much larger salary in many places in easier surroundings. Easy work certainly is not the answer. These ministers of the Gospel will be called to travel far afield in cold and bitter weather carrying the message of Christ to the people committed to their care. Their life and that of their wives will be one of physical exertion also. None of these rectories are equipped with running water—other than that which runs in the nearest streams. They will be called to cut wood and shovel snow and carry in ice for water and be largely self sufficient.

Their supplies will come in on the

one or two summer boats that ply their waters, and they will be largely cut off from the outside world and its normal pleasures and pursuits. They will be forced to depend on themselves for physical and spiritual strength and for their own entertainment. Why do they come?

There is only one answer and that is the command "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Christ has commanded and here is the answer. So valiant Christian souls have answered for almost two thousand years—not counting the cost, but simply heeding the command, and looking unto Him for strength.

These young couples will not be disappointed. They will find rich rewards in serving amid great human needs that otherwise would not be met. Whole villages will be looking to them for strength in body and mind and spirit, and Our Lord, Himself, will be there beside them to give the necessary power whenever it is

needed. Do not say that you are sorry for these young Christians as they go into the front lines of the Church. Rather are they to be envied as they undertake this high calling.

Yet in a very real way they are giving their lives, their all, in answer to God's call. These members of the Christian family are going out as our representatives, and it is our privilege and solemn responsibility to speed them on their way and uphold their arms materially and spiritually in the task to which God has called them. So may the power of the Holy Spirit that sends out the Coxes, the Millers, and the Wilcoxes and many another missionary also strengthen our wills and hearts that we may pray daily for them and their people and give generously that their material needs may be supplied. So we journey together in the fellowship of the Christian family along the path that leads to the Kingdom of God.



(L. to R.) Henry H. Chapman, Norman H. V. Elliott, Samuel A. McPhetres, Hugh F. Hall, Albert J. Sayers, J. Kenneth Watkins, Robert Grumbine, Lewis Hodgkins, L. Russell Clapp, Cameron Harriot, C. Alfred Cole, Gordon T. Charlton, Bishop Gordon.

CLERGY CONFERENCE

On April 10th twelve clergymen representing the missions of the Episcopal Church all over Alaska gathered in Ketchikan for Conference. The first All-Alaska conference ever held convened in Fairbanks in 1950. The priests of the church gathered again in Anchorage last year, but this was the first occasion in the long history of our work in the Territory that all the ministers in the District have gotten together in Southeastern Alaska.

Certainly the gathering was a memorable one. Ketchikan provided a week of almost perfect weather. One has to be familiar with the rains of Alaska's first port of call (one year the annual fall was over 200 inches!) to know what a rare treat that is.

However rare and wonderful the weather proved to be it still could not match the excellence of the hospitality provided by St. John's and St. Elizabeth's Churches. The Conference met on alternate days at each of these churches; meals were provided by the guilds of each church. All that we can say is that everything was wonderfully taken care of and Ketchikan out-did itself in hospitality.

The leader of the Conference was the Rev. C. Alfred Cole, Rector of St. John's Church, Charleston, West Virginia. Mr. Cole set up his discussions with the clergy under the broad pastoral headings of Religious Education, Baptism and Confirmation, Preparation for Marriage, and the Problem of Alcoholics. On a basic, down to earth level, Mr. Cole, illustrating profusely from his varied ministry, brought home ways that the ministers of the church can better bring the love and power of God into the lives of the people. His emphasis was on "being and becoming" in the ministry of Christ—being a living example of the Christian faith and helping others find the strength in their daily lives that only God can give. This power the church has for those who seek, but often it is sadly hidden behind a veneer of organization and technique.

Morning sessions for five days were



Totem Pole in the Conference city

given to Mr. Cole. In the afternoons business and practical aspects of the work of the Church in Alaska were discussed.

One of the highlights of the Conference was an inspiring ordination service in St. Elizabeth's Church on April 12th, when the young Deacon-in-Charge, the Rev. Lewis Hodgkins, was advanced to the Priesthood. Mr. Cole preached a powerful sermon of challenge both to the young pastor and to his people. The clergy of the District participated in the service, marching in the procession of some seventy persons from the combined congregations, and participating in the solemn laying-on-of-hands that set apart a priest of God.

That same evening another very meaningful service was held at St. John's when the priest-in-charge, the Rev. John K. Watkins and the newly ordained Fr. Hodgkins presented a combined confirmation class to the Bishop in the presence of a packed church. The Rev. Gordon Charlton of Fairbanks preached the sermon and the combined choirs of St. John's and St. Elizabeth's, augmented by the clergy, added an inspiring musical note to the service.

The Conference was not all work

and formality. One business session lost out to a mass fishing expedition through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Allen Dorman. Most of the clergy spent the afternoon trolling for a massive King Salmon, but most followed the apostolic tradition and fished all afternoon and caught nothing! The exception seemed to be the Tanana River combination of Harriot and Charlton, who pulled in a ten pounder each! It must also be mentioned that Mr. Cole earlier in the conference captured the prize fish—over fifteen pounds. (See illustration.) None of these go very far towards matching Mrs. Dorman's fifty-nine pounder of last summer.

There were parish dinners in each of the host churches—most enjoyable occasions featuring good food and very brief speeches from each of the visiting dignitaries. It certainly cannot be said that any men heading northward on April 17th could complain of being underfed.

In business matters many vital things concerning the common work work of the church in Alaska were discussed. An impressive evidence throughout the whole conference was a sense of agreement on fundamental things and on purpose, and there was no sign of petty bickering about unessentials. It was obvious that each man had come to this missionary field with a vision of the mission of the church, the challenge of the Gospel, and the potential impact of the Life of Our Lord in the lives of men everywhere if they can but find Him. Where there is such centeredness there is no place for unessentials, and this was evident in Ketchikan.

Each man made a simple report of his stewardship of the mission and the clay given into his hands. They were not always reports of triumphs and encouragement; many brought out heartbreak and almost insurmountable obstacles. However, there was never any sense of defeat or that any man was ready to step back. The accent was always forward.

One of the most vital discussions was on the subject of baptism and confirmation. After much discussion and opinion freely expressed the

group unanimously adopted affirmations of belief and intent as mandatory in the Missionary District of Alaska for parents and sponsors of children brought for Baptism and for candidates for Confirmation. These affirmations are printed at the end of this article. The underlying feeling through all this discussion was one that the church must mean something to those who come into its fellowship, and that because we have made it so very easy in many cases to come into the fellowship in many cases such membership has become empty and meaningless. It was the earnest feeling of all present that an affirmation of membership in the Body of Christ should mean a fundamental change of life, and that when children are brought for baptism there should be some assurance on the part of parents and sponsors that they sincerely intend by God's help to bring this child up in the Christian faith by example and teaching.

In matters of finance there was very strong sentiment that the Church in Alaska must and will do all in its power to stand on its own feet. So a resolution of the 1952 conference pledging each mission toward a regular program of self support, aiming at an increase of at least 5% of its total expenses each year towards complete self support, was reaffirmed.

At the same time the clergy of the church in Alaska did not lose sight of our obligations and opportunities to share in the worldwide mission of the body of Christ. So a resolution was adopted setting as a minimum standard the giving by each parish and mission having a budget of 8% of total expense towards the missionary quota of Alaska for the general work of the church outside Alaska and 4% towards paying the salary of the Bishop of Alaska.

Real concern was expressed about strategic needs being evidenced all over the field where real advance could be made if funds were available. So plans were set up for a modest beginning towards an advancement fund for the District. The men

(Continued on Page 20)



Lewis Hodgkins is ordained to the Priesthood in St. Elizabeth's Church, Ketchikan, April 12, 1953.



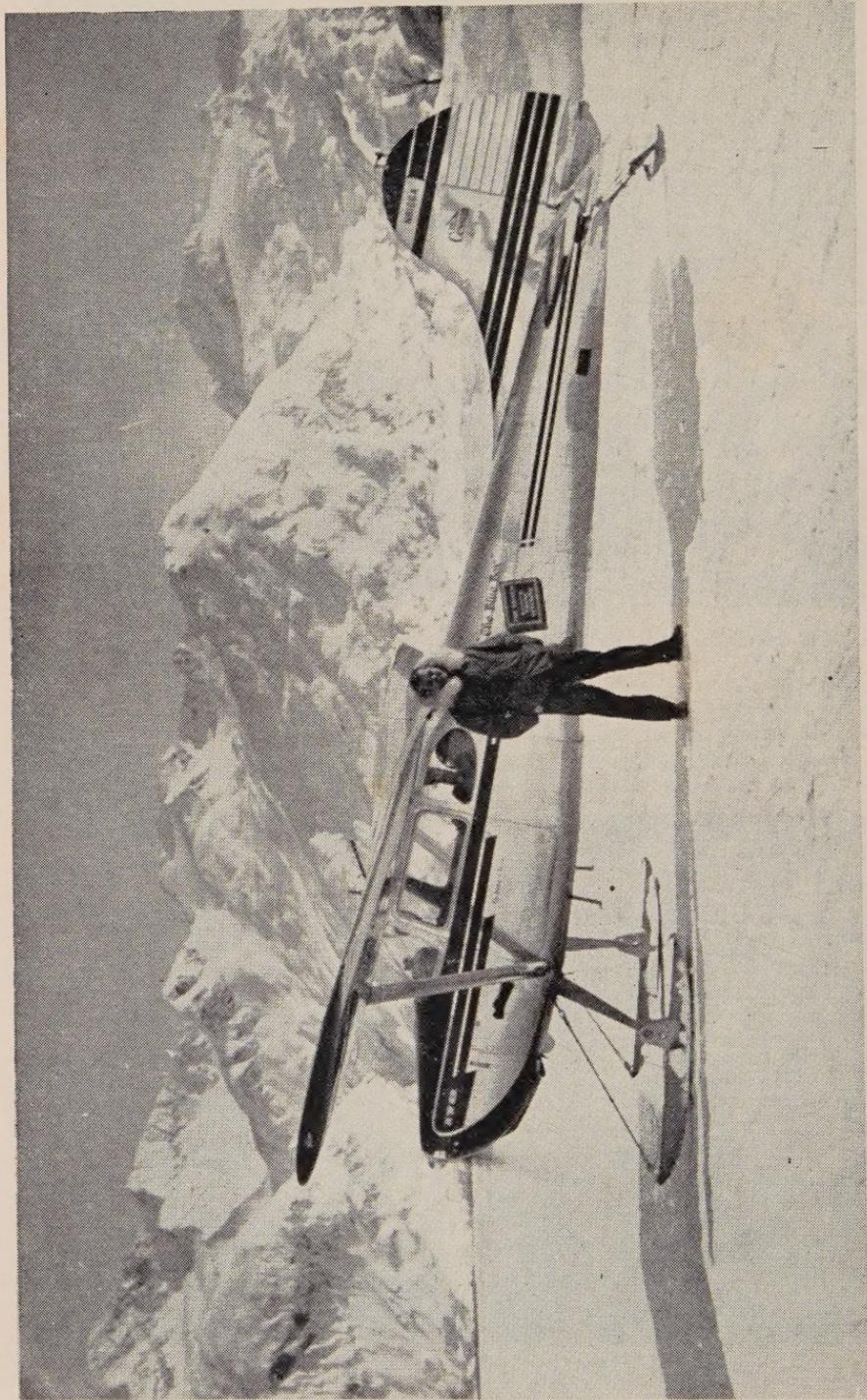
Al Cole, his fish



Mrs. Dorman, her fish

Clergy Conference 1953 — "The Conference was not all work and formality—"

Bishop Gordon, The Flying Blue Box and the Mountains at Valdez.



UNUSUAL ASSIGNMENT

By the Rev. Gordon T. Charlton

As Rector of St. Matthew's Church in Fairbanks, having my office and Rectory within easy shouting distance of the Bishop's office, I have found that in Alaska at least a preacher is often called upon to be more than a preacher. It has been my privilege to share a few experiences with Bishop Gordon and thus to gain more than a glimpse of his adventurous life. February 12 marked my most unusual assignment to date. A little background to set the scene.

Early in January Bishop Gordon left Fairbanks for a visit to Anvik and Holikachuk on the lower Yukon River. He had found it necessary to change engines in his new Cessna in order to insure better performance and more endurance in cold weather flight. This work was not completed so he was flying his old plane, the Pacer.

All went well as far as McGrath on the Kuskokwim River, the last point enroute where fuel and weather reports can be obtained. Beyond McGrath there are no weather or CAA stations; one must proceed without flight plan or foreknowledge of weather conditions. Shortly after leaving this point patches of ground fog began to appear. The Bishop reached the Yukon river and found that Anvik was completely blanketed. Failing in one attempt to get underneath the fog upstream and come down river, he turned back to McGrath. However, passing over Holikachuk there seemed to be a possibility of getting underneath the fog and approaching the village. This necessitated flying below the level of the tree tops, following the tortuous course of a narrow slough. Before long the fog had descended to the point where it was impossible to fly below it. By now there was no turning back; the only course was to land. This was accomplished without mishap, but the Bishop decided to taxi a mile or so in hopes of discovering some sign of life. The crooked slough and limited visibility had confused him as to the direction and distance



of the village. As he taxied he suddenly hit an opening in the ice and the plane fell through. The water was very shallow but one ski was broken beyond repair. There was nothing to do but strike out on foot in an effort to find the village before dark. The temperature was only about zero and the plane carried full emergency equipment, but spending the night out would have been extremely uncomfortable.

Bishop Gordon walked three or four miles in the direction he thought proper, but hearing no voices or dogs, he turned back. On his return to the plane he found that water had seeped up around it, making it impossible for him to reach his equipment without wetting his feet, which would be extremely dangerous. He was forced to build a bridge of fallen trees. Then it occurred to him to try his radio on the slim possibility that someone near by might be listening on his frequency. He gave his approximate distance from the village but could not tell in which direction. Then he unloaded the plane and began to walk in the direction not yet explored. He could not leave the slough for fear of becoming lost.

As he walked, a dog team suddenly burst over the bank almost where he was standing and he was found by a very fortunate combination of circumstances. He learned that by rare good luck an Indian in the village had been listening to a scheduled broadcast at the moment he called. They had been

on a frequency near enough to his that his transmission overrode the other. Six dog teams had been dispatched to look for him.

After a much needed night's rest with the school teachers in Holikachuk, the Bishop returned with several helpers to see what could be done about the plane. They found it frozen solidly into the ice. In the process of freeing it someone unwittingly lifted on one of the wing struts and bent it. This made it doubly impossible to get the plane out until parts could be obtained from Fairbanks. They moved it to slightly higher ground and returned to the village.

For three days the Bishop fretted in enforced idleness. Radio conditions were very poor and no contact could be made to inform the CAA of his predicament. When a message finally did get through it included a request for one ski and one strut. However, the Bishop was expected in Anchorage and was unable to wait for the arrival of the parts. He caught a ride with a passing bush pilot and after much shuttling between Holikachuk, Anvik, McGrath and Anchorage, he finally made his way back to Fairbanks.

Due to many conflicting obligations and much poor weather, it was impossible to return immediately and repair the plane. It was on February 12 that we set out together in the new Cessna to rescue the Pacer. The brand new Franklin engine was performing perfectly and we carried a formidable load of tools, tents, sleeping bags, food, clothing and what have you. With a favorable tail wind we made good time, arriving in McGrath about noon. We found that all bulk gas was gone and only case gas in five gallon cans at one dollar per gallon was left. When you are burning it at the rate of eight to ten gallons per hour, it runs into considerable money. However, after pooling our resources we were able to afford enough to refuel and cache a little for the return trip.

Leaving McGrath, skies were clear immediately overhead, but snow could be seen approaching from the south and the tops of the peaks on

our course were already obscured. This meant a wide circle around the mountains and a few additional minutes lost in getting oriented after the detour. By this time snow was falling lightly over the whole area and we were forced to fly at three or four hundred feet to retain contact with the ground. We debated turning back but decided that since there were so many frozen lakes, sloughs, and rivers to land on, we would proceed. However, about fifteen miles short of Holikachuk the snow was just too thick to see through and we decided to land on the Innoko River and wait it out.

Fortunately, the snow was slick and firm, making the landing an easy one and promising a good takeoff. I walked out the trailing antenna and the Bishop gave his new radio set its first real test. We made clear contact with McGrath one hundred miles away, telling them that we were down but that we were not in trouble. We were both glad to know that we had such a good radio range; it's a great safety factor in this country. We then proceeded to examine the driftwood along the river bank to determine the direction of the flow, for at the moment of landing we were in disagreement on our directions. With poor visibility and at low altitude it is extremely difficult to follow the winding course of an Alaskan river with its hundreds of branches and channels. Even if you succeed in following the river, you become quite confused as to directions. We found, however, that we had been going in the proper direction.

We were resigned to spending the night out, but very shortly the snow stopped and we took to the air again. Holikachuk was under a fairly heavy snow cloud but visible, and we dropped in for a landing without any preliminary circling. In such weather one doesn't take the chance of losing sight of his destination, which can happen even when circling immediately above it.

The landing strip, as in all small Alaskan villages, was simply a smooth area on the river ice marked with branches stuck in the snow. We were

met by a number of men from the village who immediately set to work hitching dogs to three sleds. The new ski and strut were loaded and we set out to work on the Pacer. The distance was about four miles and since new snow had fallen the lead sled had to break the trail. Finally, after about an hour, the plane was sighted and the Bishop and I had a sick moment. A strong wind had all but turned it over. It was standing up on one wing and looked as if it might be badly damaged.

With all hands lifting, we set the Pacer upright and found to our relief that the wing was sound with only a slight curl on the tip. We quickly fitted the new ski and strut, connected the battery and started the engine. The weather was so mild that no fire-potting was necessary. All this was very encouraging but there still remained the problem of getting off the ground. The snow was deep and soft, in some places badly drifted. The slough had high banks with tall trees on each side and was extremely crooked and narrow. Certainly not more than one person could be aboard. The Bishop decided that, if he could just get airborne, he could fly the course of the slough until he attained climbing speed. While the rest of us held our breath, he roared out of sight around the bend in a cloud of flying snow. Moments later we heard the sound of his engine again and knew he was above the trees. Much relieved, we headed the dogs back to the village.

Most of the men of Holikachuk had been out on their trap lines during the morning, so the dogs were tired. The return trip was a slow one and it was nearly dark when I reached the village. I expected that we would stay the night, but I found the Bishop ready and waiting to go on to Anvik. Without delay I took off in the Pacer with the Bishop in the Cessna right behind me. I had never been over the route before and had no chart. In addition, it was nearly dark so I was going to follow the Bishop's plane. However, we were no sooner off the ground than we lost sight of each other. We both circled and

flashed our landing lights but failed to make contact. The Bishop proceeded to Anvik, thinking I might be ahead of him expecting him to catch up. I, on the other hand, never left sight of Holikachuk and when I failed to sight the Bishop, returned and landed. I went immediately to the teacher's house to try to make radio contact and let the Bishop know where I was.

He reached Anvik after a brief fifteen-minute flight. He could make out the village and see people lining the bank, waiting for him to land, but he could not see any markers to designate the landing area. He circled several times, hoping that the people would understand his plight, but they stood motionless. Finally, he landed immediately in front of the mission in the mouth of the Anvik river and found that by chance he had chosen the runway in use. He went immediately to the mission radio and contact was made with Holikachuk. I promised to come over as soon as possible in the morning, hoping to arrive in time for the Bishop's service at 8:30 a. m. Both of us spent the night comfortably and were most grateful for a much needed rest. I happened to hit show night and was privileged to see an epic of the West featuring The Durango Kid.

The next morning the temperature was about zero. While Bishop Gordon prepared for his services at Anvik, I shivered in the morning darkness at Holikachuk fire-potting the Pacer. This is the process of heating the engine with a Coleman type gasoline burner which is placed under the plane and shrouded with a tent-like canvas cover. In addition, all frost and snow must be removed from wings and windshield, the skis must be broken loose if frozen down, and all surfaces and fittings and controls checked. This is done with one eye on the fire pot and one extended for the fire extinguisher lest the wind cause the flames to rise too high or flap the engine cover into it.

It was nearly eight o'clock when I finally took off. As soon as I cleared the tree tops I could see that I had a race on my hands. I had memor-

ized the route from a chart at the teacher's house and visibility was good, but a solid weather front was approaching from my left. By the drift of the plane, it must have been coming at about 30 miles per hour and it appeared to consist of heavy snow. If it crossed my course before I reached Anvik, I would have to land on the nearest lake or river for visibility would be reduced to zero. However, by running at full speed, I managed to reach Anvik at about the same time the wind and snow did. The air was so turbulent and the snow so thick that I couldn't see the runway markings. Not a soul was in sight, all of them being in church. I made one try at an area that seemed smooth, but it lay across wind and I had to pull out and try again. This time I chose to land into the wind regardless of the surface for it would be better to damage a ski again than to dig a wing into the snow. This attempt was successful and after much jockeying through snow drifts and against the wind I managed to taxi up to the landing. I arrived in time to be greeted by the entire population of the village as they came out of church. I was warmly welcomed by Miss Almeria Gordon and Miss Mary Irwin Gordon, sisters of the Bishop, who are in charge of Christ Church Mission at Anvik. They supply the religious and medical work and also serve as Postmaster, radio operators, draft board, welfare agents and anything else that is needed.

The Bishop and I had intended to return to Fairbanks the same day. We gassed the planes from the Bishop's cache, had everything in readiness for an immediate departure and sat down to wait for a break in the weather. At 4 p. m. we gave up and sent a message that we were holding for weather. Thus our wives who were calling the CAA in Fairbanks frequently could relax for that night at least. We attended the Valentine party held at the mission, to which came white trappers, natives, teachers, missionaries, babies and grandmothers to have a wonderful time playing the most simple and childish games. Everyone would plot against the Bishop

and howl with laughter when he was "it."

Saturday morning dawned clear, much to my relief for I had made no provision for services at St. Matthew's Sunday in the event of my absence. We fire-potted, scraped, loaded, inspected and took off. The first stop was Shageluk, a tiny village in the Innoko flats, and terribly difficult to find. The Bishop landed briefly to deliver some freight, while I circled overhead. Then we headed for McGrath.

McGrath was reached about noon. There we gassed up and had a free lunch prepared by the cook of the roadhouse who happens to be an Episcopalian. The local Assembly of God missionary came in to ask for a ride to Fairbanks. He had had a power failure in his plane and made a forced landing out in the bush. He wanted to get some parts and find a mechanic who would fly in and work on his plane.

Between McGrath and Fairbanks there are radio beams, weather stations, frequent radio contacts, and best of all, CAA stations so that one can file a flight plan which insures a search if he fails to arrive. The Bishop, with the Rev. Mr. Phillips aboard, flew ahead because he intended to land at Nenana. He wanted to pick up some potatoes from the mission there to take to the missionary at Point Hope when he visited there. I came behind on a low altitude flight plan so that I could maintain good visual contact with the ground and learn the route. I didn't see the other plane until I passed over Nenana. The Bishop was circling the field to see if there was enough snow for him to land with skis. He did land but very nearly didn't get off again because of the bare patches of gravel. After several tries, he literally lifted the Cessna off the ground with full flaps at 30 miles per hour and came on into Fairbanks a few minutes behind me. I had alerted our families and he arrived in time to be greeted by a car full of wives and children.

Thus, after three days and about 1,000 miles, ended my most unusual



Glen M. Wilcox

NEW APPOINTEES

Since the Alaskan Churchman last went to press three young Seminarians, soon to be ordained, have been appointed for missionary service with the church in Alaska. These men, along with the two announced in the last issue of the Churchman, bring to five the total of new clergy expected for permanent appointment, and we have good hopes of getting the services of a sixth man to bring our staff to full strength for the first time in more than a decade.

Glen M. Wilcox of the Berkeley Divinity School and of the Diocese of Minnesota will be assigned to Christ Church Mission at Anvik. Mr. Wilcox expects to come to Alaska in mid-summer with his wife and year old daughter to take up his new duties. When the Wilcoxes arrive at Anvik Misses Almeria and Mary Irwin Gordon will return to the States as they have planned. We are deeply grateful to the two of them for filling in this great need during the past two years in such a splendid way.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox come from Red Wing, Minnesota. Mrs.

assignment to date, but one which I am beginning to suspect is not so very unusual in the life of the Flying Bishop. I have to laugh when I reflect that in every insurance agent's handbook the lives of clergymen are preferred risk.

Wilcox is a registered nurse and her talents will be a great help in meeting some of the medical needs in Anvik and vicinity.

Mr. Wilcox attended Hamline University at St. Paul, Minn., before entering the Berkeley Divinity School. He will graduate from the Seminary in June, will be ordained shortly thereafter, and then leave with his family for Alaska. May God bless them in their service at our oldest Alaskan mission.

Also newly appointed is a man who has had his sights on Alaska for two years. Richard S. Miller came to Alaska as a seminary volunteer in the summer of 1951, serving at St. Mark's Mission at Nenana. Here Mr. Miller did fine work. He was so impressed with the challenge of the work of the Church in Alaska that he determined to return to the field after finishing his work at the General Theological Seminary. The Bishop of Milwaukee very generously agreed to release Dick to Alaska and the National Council has recently appointed him as a missionary in Alaska. He will be assigned to serve at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness at Allakaket.

Mr. Miller will be ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Gordon at the request of the Bishop of Milwaukee in St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, on May 17th. About two weeks later he will be married to Miss Anita Eells, of Milwaukee, and the newly-weds will sail from Seattle on June 26th en route to Alaska and their assignment on the Koyukuk River.

Miss Eells, like Mrs. Wilcox, is a registered nurse, and so will be a wonderful asset to the Mission. The first responsibility of these young ladies is to their husbands, of course, but it is wonderful to know that they do have medical skills that can help out in medical needs among the people of the mission.

Mr. Miller will go to Allakaket to replace Miss Amelia Hill, R. N., and Miss Bessie Kay, who have served the Koyukuk mission for more than twenty years together. Both these splendid workers will be retiring this year and words cannot express what



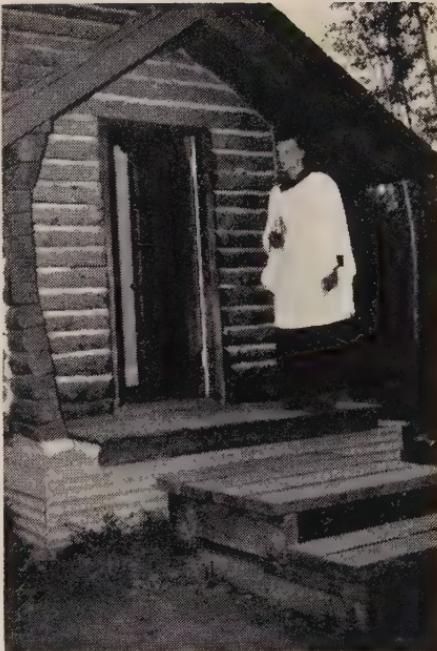
Walter W. Hannum

they have meant to the church's work through the years. Their service will be written up in more detail in the next issue of the ALASKAN CHURCHMAN.

Our third appointee is also a product of the summer seminary training program. Last summer Mr. Walter Hannum of the Philadelphia Divinity School came to Alaska as a seminary volunteer and served at St. Stephen's Mission, Fort Yukon. He did fine work there and deeply impressed everyone with his sympathetic interest in the Indian people. Mr. Hannum has recently been appointed for service in Alaska and will come to us about July first.

Mr. Hannum will fill the newly created position of worker with the Indian and Eskimo people in and around Fairbanks in conjunction with St. Matthew's Church. A great number of our people from the outlying areas have come to live in Fairbanks and they daily need the care of a minister of the Church to whom they can look in times of stress and as they make the critical adjustment between their civilization and that of the white man.

In addition the Rev. Mr. Hannum



Richard S. Miller at Nenana

will serve as a Diocesan Missioner, visiting outlying villages that are not manned for an intensive visit for instruction and guidance in the Christian faith. Surely his will be a great responsibility, but also one sure to bear fruit under God's guiding hand.

Four Seminarians and a young lady from Windham House will serve as our seminarian summer volunteer group this summer. This continues the program that has proved so successful in past summers. Most of these workers during 1953 will serve at isolated outstations that have had no regular ministrations through the years.

In addition six young people will drive up from Cincinnati under the sponsorship of the Diocese of Southern Ohio. They are under the leadership of Miss Nancy Davis, student worker at the University of Cincinnati. This project grew out of a visit by Bishop Gordon to the Diocese of Southern Ohio last fall. They will serve initially in a Daily Vacation Bible School program at Tanacross and Tetlin and then move on to Fort Yukon for similar schools in that area.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION AND THE HUDSON STUCK MEMORIAL HOSPITAL AT FORT YUKON, WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

By the Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
Priest-in-Charge

"On Sept. 3, 1899, the Rev. Leonidas J. H. Wooden, Presbyter, arrived with his family and entered upon the work at Fort Yukon, Alaska, being the first priest of the American Church to engage in the work here. His predecessor, the Rev. Jno. Hawksley, later of Forty Mile, Yukon Territory, came here two or three years previously, and built the Mission House and Church, and served the Mission under direction of the Bishop of Alaska, of the American Episcopal Church. However, he was only loaned to our bishop by Bishop Bompas, diocese of Selkirk, Y. T., of the Church of England. St. Stephen's, Fort Yukon, was vacant for a few months prior to the arrival of Rev. Wooden, except for the presence of Wm. Loola, a native layreader, but who was not, as far as we learn, maintaining services in the Church.

It is an old Mission, started by the Church of England about thirty-eight years ago—cir. 1862., at the time of the occupation by the Hudson's Bay Company. When the American officials raised the "Stars and Stripes," and the Hudson's Bay Co. evacuated, removing to Rampart House, the Mission followed. But returned, at a recent date, to the river.

At this date, April, 1900, the Mission consists as follows—a small log Church—St. Stephen's—a comfortable dwelling, containing five rooms, large and small, including the "store-room," a small log "cache," a tract of ground 150 ft. front by 250 ft. back, more or less, now being fenced, and balance of five acres outside. . . ."

So reads the neatly penned entry on page 1, Volume I of St. Stephen's Register.

The village of Fort Yukon is located at the most northerly point of the Yukon River, near the junction of that river and the Porcupine River. It is approximately eight miles "inside" the Arctic Circle. Contrary to

the belief of most "Outsiders" (anyone who lives "outside" of Alaska), the Native population is entirely Indian—not Esquimaux. These people are of the Kutchin tribe of the great Athapascans (or Athabascans) family. There are approximately five hundred Native and thirty White people in Fort Yukon. Thus, it is the largest of all the Native villages of the Interior.

The scenery of Fort Yukon and vicinity is not impressive—save for the quiet monotony of the Yukon Flats stretching to the horizon. Lakes, sloughs, ponds and streams pock-mark the ground and in their midst the great "River of Burnt Earth" (Yukon) winds its deliberate although undecided way to the Bering Sea.

Although the land offers little contrast, the weather offers it in abundant measure. Being far inland and away from the stabilizing action of the oceans, Fort Yukon experiences extremes of temperature. In winter the temperature drops far below zero. Twenty to thirty degrees below zero is considered mild, the temperature often dropping to fifty or more degrees below. Last January, Fort Yukon had four weeks of temperatures ranging from —45 degrees to —68 degrees. In summer the temperature climbs to the opposite extreme and reaches close to ninety degrees above zero. (A temperature of 100 degrees above zero has been recorded here).

Fort Yukon was established by the Hudson's Bay Company in June 1847 as the Company's most western post—although Alaska belonged to Russia at that time. (It was precisely because the country belonged to Russia that a fort was established to protect the trespassers should the Russian government attempt to enforce its rights). After the purchase of Alaska by the United States in 1867, the Company withdrew up the Porcupine River into Canada. The graves of



St. Stephen's Church, Fort Yukon



Bishop Bentley Chapel at Chalkyitsik



The Altar, St. Stephen's Church



Ben Thomas, Chalkyitsik



Ed Toussaint hauling cord wood for the hospital, April, 1953.
David Colin on the sled.

of the Hudson's Bay Company "servants" who died at Fort Yukon may still be seen in the Hudson's Bay Company Cemetery; the second oldest site of white men's graves in the Territory.

Although the Episcopal Church in the United States did not come to Fort Yukon until the arrival of the Rev. Leonidas Wooden in 1899, the ground work of the Church had been laid many years before by Bishop Bompas, the Rev. Jno. Hawksley, Archdeacon William Kirby, and Archdeacon Robert MacDonald of the Church of England in Canada, maintained by the English Church Missionary Society. The Rev. Mr. Kirby (afterwards Archdeacon) began the work in 1861 when he crossed the Rockies from the McKenzie country and entered the land of the upper Yukon. However, it is to the monumental work of Archdeacon Robert MacDonald that the Church owes much of her success in bringing the Kwunduk Nirzi (Gospel) to the Indian people. Archdeacon MacDonald roamed the vast area of the middle Yukon, learned the native tongue (Takudh), made a written language of this tongue, produced a "Grammar and Dictionary," translated the whole Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Hymnal, into his written Takudh and taught many of the Indians to read them. The greatness of his contribution to the missionary work of the Church may be realized from the fact that the Service of Morning Prayer at St. Stephen's is conducted entirely in Takudh, using the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England in Canada as translated by him in 1889, and the Lessons are read from his translation of the Bible.

Since the arrival of the Episcopal Church at Fort Yukon, a number of distinguished American clergy have served here. Perhaps the best known—and one of the best loved by the native people—was Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, for whom the present hospital is named and in whose memory the children of Fort Yukon gave the font in St. Stephen's Church. His books, "Ten Thousand Miles with a

Dog Sled," "Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries," "A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast," and "The Ascent of Denali (Mt. McKinley)" are still among the finest books to be found on Alaska and its people. Hudson Stuck is buried in the cemetery behind St. Stephen's Church near a great Celtic cross.

Beside the Archdeacon rests another well-loved worker, Dr. Grafton Burke. Dr. Burke came to the Territory in 1908 and was assigned to Fort Yukon. His medical missionary work covered a vast territory of many thousand square miles. In 1916 a hospital was built which was—and is today—the only hospital in the Arctic regions of Alaska. Later Dr. Burke was ordained and coupled his ministry to the bodily needs of the people with their spiritual needs.

Not to be forgotten are the native clergy who have journeyed thousands of miles on foot, by canoe, and dog team to preach the Gospel to their people. The first of these, the Rev. William Loola, was ordained to the Diaconate in 1903 and faithfully served the Mission for many years. At present, the Rev. Albert Tritt, ordained to the Diaconate in 1914, continues to serve in that office to his people. For such men, the Office of Deacon is the highest order which can be bestowed, yet this does not deter them from unstinted and self-giving labor in their ministry to their people.

Nor are the many layreaders to be forgotten. In the remote and isolated villages under the charge of St. Stephen's, it is the faithful layreader who conducts the Services and teaches the people between the infrequent visits of the priest from Fort Yukon. Although the airplane has wrought great changes in the Mission field and enables the missionary to reach in a few hours a village which formerly required days of travel by boat or dog team; the number of villages to be visited permits only bi-monthly visitations. Thus, it is the layreader of the past and today to whom the Church owes thanks for ever holding the Cross before their people.

Through the years since St. Ste-

phen's was established it has undergone a great number of changes. From the small five room house of the Rev. Leonidas Wooden, the Mission has grown to a large thirteen room house. St. Stephen's Church is now a large log building with an organ and electricity. The Church was a gift to Alaska from the Woman's Auxiliary in the Diocese of New York as a loving memorial to Mrs. Samuel Thorne, for many years the Diocesan President. Upon the altar hang a frontal and superfrontal of white moose-hide with a design in bead-work. These were made in 1918 by the women of Fort Yukon under the direction of Archdeacon Stuck and are a gift of thanksgiving after World War I. (A copy of the frontal may be seen on one of the altars in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine).

And as the Mission and Church buildings have changed, so has the hospital. To the original structure of 1915, a solarium and other additions have been added. There are now beds for twenty-eight patients, x-ray equipment, an operating room, and a clinic. Unfortunately, this hospital, which serves the people of several thousand square miles of Arctic Alaska, is without a doctor. At present, the work is being ably carried on by a nurse, Miss Jean Aubrey, acting as superintendent and assisted by Nurse Barbura Clintsman and Nurse Mary Hayes. Delivering babies, taking and developing x-rays, and diagnosing ailments to the best of their ability are all part of the job to a nurse in Alaska. The hospital is indeed grateful to Dr. Kenneth Kaisch, who visits monthly from Fairbanks. Yet, it is to the doctors of the United States that the Macedonian cry must come from the tuberculosis stricken people of the North.

And so the work of Mission and Hospital go on. It has been many years since the Rev. Leonidas Wooden penned the words, "On Sept. 3, 1899, the Rev. Leonidas J. H. Wooden, Presbyter, arrived . . . the first priest of the American Church to engage in work here." There have been many changes, and Time will bring more. Yet, the task has ever been the same

and will remain the same—to bring the Love of God in Christ into the hearts and lives of His children of the Northland.

"Tinjihnut tunnyitgitichooe," Vit-tekwichanchyo:

Peoples praise The, God:
aha tinjihnut tunnygitichooe."
Yes peoples all praise thee.
Psalm 67, verse 3.

Archdeacon MacDonald's translation.



Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N., Acting Superintendent at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital.

Dr. Ben H. McConnell, Physician-in-Charge of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon, has resigned his position there after a year's service in the hospital. Temporarily, Miss Jean Aubrey, R. N., mission nurse at Nenana, has been assigned to duty at Fort Yukon as Acting Superintendent, until a new doctor is appointed for the hospital. Mrs. Dorothea Jacobs is serving as mission nurse at Nenana until Miss Aubrey returns there.

The new St. Luke's Chapel at Shageluk was dedicated by Bishop Gordon on his regular visit there in April. This little log structure was erected by the people of the village and with the help of two summer seminarians, Albert Rich and Jim Cantler, and it is a wonderful addition to our Christian work along the Innoko River.

AN AUXILIARY'S FIRST YEAR

By JEAN E. AUBREY

A baby's rate of growth in its first year is usually quite rapid and the difference between a new-born baby and a year old child is very striking. The infant triples its weight, learns to stand alone and often can walk alone; has started eating solid food and has become such a permanent fixture in the family that the parents can scarcely realize what life was like without the new arrival.

Most parents corner every person they meet in order to report on their child's latest accomplishments, and they can scarcely be blamed for their pride. Perhaps then, you will excuse our pride in our baby auxiliary, and will share with us some of the joys of its achievements during its first year.

Our auxiliary started in March, 1952, with just six members who met to discuss and plan a program which would interest the women of St. Mark's Church, Nenana. Actually, the initial program was started more to help the members than the church as a whole. Many women lacked an interest outside of their daily chores and it was felt that they might enjoy using their talents in skin and fur sewing and bead work. The mission staff suggested that the mission be used as an outlet for their work, giving them a chance to earn much-needed money for their families, and at the same time encouraging them in their native crafts. This craft project has been most successful. The women in one year realized \$2,000.00 from the sale of such articles as birch baskets, bows and arrows, moccasins, belts, purses, fur boots, native-dressed dolls, bows and arrows and miniatures of all sorts.

No auxiliary worthy of the name would consider profit to self as its only aim, so our women soon began thinking in terms of what could be done to help the church. During the meetings many of them helped darn and mend the piles of clothing worn by the mission children, a task which

would intimidate less hardy souls. On several occasions when there were special entertainments down town the members sold coffee, cookies and doughnuts to raise money for the treasury. One memorable day there was a special excursion trip from Fairbanks to Nenana sponsored by the Alaska Railroad. With the help of some of our friends in town the auxiliary served a hot lunch to three hundred visitors and were able to add a considerable amount of money to their small treasury funds. The disposition of these funds has been interesting. Part of the money has been used to buy beads from New York, and these the women buy at half price, which makes it possible for them to buy more beads, and also keeps some of the money in the treasury. When the mission nurse's medical fund, which she keeps on hand for drug bills and for emergencies, dropped to less than one dollar, the women voted to give \$100.00 which seemed to us a wonderful amount, coming from our small group.

One of the largest undertakings was the making of a beaded moose skin dossal for our little log church. The story of the dossal is an interesting one. First of all, there was the problem of where to secure an unsoaked skin, since all those ordinarily used are smoked a dark brown color. No one seemed to know where one could be found, until one day Agnes Thomas came to us with the news that Abbie Silas had some skins which had never been tanned. At the time, Abbie was in Fairbanks, but Agnes thought she could find her, so that evening she entrained for the big city. The next morning both women returned on the train, and then Abbie told us that all her skins were in her camp up near Wood River. She had no way to get there until we found some transportation, but that difficulty was solved when young Bob Allen volunteered to take them in his boat. Agnes worked many days scraping the skin clean, soaking the hide, and tanning it to the necessary softness and whiteness. It would be hard to believe that anything as unhandsome as an unworked

moose hide could be made to look like soft white flannel, but Agnes did it. In the meantime, a design was decided upon, the necessary beads were ordered and the measurements of the altar were taken so that no time would be lost once the skin was ready. Since moose are not shaped like dossals, the skin had to be cut in three pieces to be sewed together after the beading was done, and we all held our breath while a brave member cut into the skin. The scissors did not slip, however, and then it was time to trace the design on ink. Celia Tommy was chosen to undertake this hazardous job—one slip of the pen and the design would have been ruined, but she did her usual beautiful work and soon it was time to start the actual beading. The design chosen was that of the Messianic rose, but instead of the traditional yellow of this rose it was decided to use the colors of the Alaskan primrose. As we watched the precision and care with which the women beaded, we realized that this was a major undertaking which would be very time consuming. A few beads are slipped on a threaded needle and placed along the line of the design, and then are sewed down, one by one, with another needle. Since the beads are so small and the design so large it requires much skill and patience. Everyone had a hand in finishing the beading, for even the staff members managed to sew down a few beads where the imperfection of their work would be the least noticeable. After many months of work the dossal was completed in time for the Easter service this year, and no mere words can express our pride and delight in the finished product. The ladies hope to start work on a superfrontal, Bible markers and lectern hangings in the near future. Truly they have given of their labor to the greater glory of God.

Every parent remembers the day when his baby took his first step alone. So we too will remember the great day when our auxiliary members voted an annual pledge of \$120 to be used as part of the priest's salary. This step made our native

mission the first in Alaska to move in the direction of self-support. The amount of money pledged may not seem large to a parish accustomed to thinking in terms of thousands of dollars but to our small group it represents a real challenge. Also, the amount of \$120.00 will be augmented by whatever funds over and above that amount are raised during the year, so it may be that the final total will be a good deal more than the actual pledge. One of the first projects definitely earmarked for the pledge-raising is the making of small birch crosses for sale to the public. Not only the women but many of the men of the village as well, have taken home the rough-cut crosses to shape and polish them until they show the beautiful grain of the birch wood. What the next project will be is not known yet, but our earnest and faithful members will think of something to do to ease the financial burden of this Missionary District.

Our busy and noisy weekly meetings now have a total of thirty present, to say nothing of the small fry who attend with their mothers. From the attempt to add to the interests of the native women of Nenana, we have advanced to the stage where the women are giving the Church of their work and time. And it is being done lovingly, which is most important. As old Belle said in one of the meetings, "the Church is our home, and it will be home to our children. We should do all we can to show our thanks for what the Church has done for us."

We think our baby has shown remarkable growth, and we ask your pardon for boasting a bit.

The Rev. Henry H. Chapman and his family will be leaving Sitka late in May for regular furlough in the States. However, they will be returning to Sitka to continue the work at St. Peter's-by-the-Sea in the Fall. Mr. Chapman is our senior priest in this field—now in his thirty-first year of service in Alaska.

CLERGY . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

voted to ask each parish and mission, along with women's groups and individuals, to pledge whatever they could afford towards an Alaska Advancement Fund to be administered by the Bishop and the clergy in strategic areas in Alaska. It is hoped that over the years such a fund can grow to be a real power on advancing the work of the Church in areas of potential growth.

The Conference adjourned on the evening of April 16th after voting to gather again in the latter part of May, 1954, and accepting the gracious offer of hospitality from St. Matthew's Parish, Fairbanks.

The following affirmation is now required for those who bring children to baptism in the Church in Alaska.

HOLY BAPTISM

1.) In the case of infant Baptism, at least one of the parents must be a Baptized member of the Church, preferably both.

2.) All God-parents must be baptized members of the Church and preferably Confirmed Communicants of the Episcopal Church.

PARENTS DECLARATION OF INTENTION

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

We, _____ and _____, desiring the Baptism of our _____,

do hereby acknowledge the following understanding and intention with regard to this Sacrament.

We recognize that Holy Baptism is the Sacrament of new birth into the Family of Christ; and, so far from discharging our obligations as Christian parents hereby, we are rather assuming them in the presence of God and His people. We realize that our membership in Christ's Body must be active and genuine in order that we may teach by word and example the value and importance of Christian belief, worship, and fellowship. We intend with God's help to so shape our family life that the

Christian Faith will be truly believed and practiced therein, and that our children will be brought up as active and devoted members of Christ's Church, following our example.

We have carefully studied the service of Holy Baptism, as contained in the Book of Common Prayer; we fully understand our parental responsibilities as stated and implied therein; and we gladly and voluntarily assume these obligations, realizing that we shall be held accountable therefor.

Dated _____ Signed _____

TRAGIC FIRE AT NENANA

Little Claire Harriot, year old daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Cameron Harriot of St. Mark's, Nenana, was burned to death on the evening of April 24th. Apparently a hot plate operating a vaporizer near the child's bed ignited the crib, with little of the house itself damaged.

Mrs. Harriot was severely burned on her hands in getting the child out of the burning bed. Another daughter, Marguerite, sleeping in the same room, was rescued unharmed by Albert Fox, a former St. Mark's mission boy.

The funeral was held in Nenana on April 28th, and the little child was buried on the lovely hillside overlooking Nenana near other gallant missionaries who have gone before—Miss Farthing, the Rev. Robert H. Reid, and Deaconess Kathleen Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harriot have been a wonderful witness of the power of the Christian faith during this tragic experience. Even to us who believe it is always wonderful to see how God works to strengthen and empower those who truly need Him in times of stress and strain, and our loving prayers are constantly with them during these days.

Missions and Staff

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	Miss Amelia H. Hill, R.N. Miss Bessie C. Kay
Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Anvik	Christ Church	Miss Almeria Gordon Miss Mary Irwin Gordon, R.N.
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
Douglas	St. Luke's	m. Juneau
Eagle	St. Paul's	Vacant
	St. John's	
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Albert E. Tritt Mr. Ned Thomas
Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital		Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N. Miss Barbura Clintsman, R.N. Miss Mary O. Hayes, R.N. Miss Helen Kibbe Mr. Ray T. Leight
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. John K. Watkins
	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot
		Miss Martha I. Webb
		Mrs. Dorothea S. Jacobs
		Miss Edith L. Stricker
		Miss MaryAnn Armistead
		Mr. Fred Mueller
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt. Hope	St. Thomas'	Mr. Roy Vincent
Seward	St. Peter's	Mr. Page H. Kent The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Skagway	St. Saviour's	m. Juneau
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	Rev. Robert B. Greene
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. John S. Martin
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Phillip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

In addition to the missions listed above, and as opportunity offers, members of the staff hold services at the following stations:

Annette Island	Chalkitsik	Rampart	Shageluk
Arctic Village	Hologochaket	Pt. Lay	Stevens Village
Beaver	Hot Springs	Mt. Edgecumbe	Tetlin
Big Delta	Hughes	Noatak	Tok Junction
Bettles	Kotzebue	Nome	Venetie
Circle	Huslia	Palmer	Wrangell Institute
Coschacket	Minto	Northway	

